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"Let me not forget to relate to you an incident which surprised me at the comedy the first time I went to it. One of the bells of the town having struck, I heard a sudden movement behind me as if the whole amphitheatre was crumbling into ruins, and I thought it actually a fact upon seeing, at the same time, the actresses all fly, including one who, in accordance with the progress of the piece, was then in a fainting situation. The true cause of my surprise proceeded from what we call the *Angelus*, the signal for which had just sounded. The entire assembly promptly kneeled at once in their places, all with their faces turned to the east, the actors behind the scenes likewise placing themselves in the same attitude; the *Ave Maria* was then very well sung, after which the actress who had fainting returned, made the customary reverential sign after the *Angelus*, resumed her former rôle of a swoon, and the piece proceeded. It would be necessary to see this theatrical tableau with your own eyes in order to realize its novelty and peculiarity."

De Brossets, in company with most of the learned and liberal minds of his age, was decidedly irreverent, so far, at least, as "the church" and all its paraphernalia were concerned. At Milan he, of course, visits the cathedral, and descends into a subterranean chapel, where lies the body of St. Charles Borromeo. His own name being Charles, he says:

"I had the good fortune to view near by and to kneel before the countenance of my blessed patron saint, and not without indignation against a villainous rat, who, without respect for his beatitude, has had the audacity to eat off the end of his nose. Happily the holy man was so well provided as not to be sensible of a partial loss."

Alluding to the church, we quote a passage that conveys an idea of the wealthy class of the Genoese, also an idea of the application of their wealth:

"The expenditure of these people (the nobles), who make no display in dress, equipage, entertainments, play, horses, etc., is very inconsiderable, and yet they are immensely rich. It is common to find here people with fortunes equal to 400,000 francs income who do not spend 30,000. The balance of their revenues they invest either in estates in Spain and Naples, or in constructing palaces which cost a million, or in building churches for the public that cost more than three millions. Every beautiful church in this city is the production of a single man or of a single family."

We here leave the President De Brossets, hoping to return to him again, there being still many graphic illustrations that are of value in a study of comparative civilization.

BOOK NOTICES.

AN ARTISTIC TREAT FOR CONNOISSEURS.—W. A. Townsend & Co., the publishers of Cooper's works, are about to bring out the sixty-four illustrations by Darley, drawn for the works of the great novelist, in a new form. Such has been the demand for proofs of these drawings, that they are about to produce them in eight folios, each folio containing eight of the engravings. Each plate will be faced with a page of letterpress descriptive of the scene illustrated by Darley. Each illustration will be an artist's proof, printed before lettering the plate, on India paper. The folios will be published by subscription, at \$3 each, and as the number is necessarily limited to 500 copies, the lover of American Art will do well to secure an early copy. These illustrations are engraved by the best talent in the country.—Alfred

Jones, the Smillies, Rice, Hinshelwood, Phillibrown, Girsch, Marshall, Paradise, and others—in line, the purest style of the art of engraving.

ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot. Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Reprinted from the London edition.

So far as the power of the writer goes, this book is entitled to all the praise it receives. It is the work of an artist, a literary pre-Raphaelite, one who, we think, writes up to a theory. There is in the constitution of the plot great invention (using, however, some worn out resources); a wonderful attention to details, every figure, object and shade of expression being as clearly visible to the mind as if painted or sculptured to the eye; the drama of human passion, in the garb and language of common life, powerfully set before us, and an unexceptionable moral, albeit the characters upon whom its positive aspects rest, are, we think, chargeable with affectation. But what this novel lacks as an ideal work of Art, is a sentiment of the beautiful. In spite of the author's claim for a contrary principle, a novel as a work of Art should not create images which do not combine moral and æsthetic elements in noble, pure and beautiful forms. It may not succeed in giving us the highest expression of this combination, but it should recognize their relative affinity and mutual dependence. A doctrine like the following is as heretical, æsthetically, as it is false morally and scientifically.

Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clovens taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin-pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of unions. . . . Let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of common place things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, etc.

So long as these homes welcome nobler Art in England, as is proved by the way in which they welcomed Scheffer's "Christus Consolator" (distributed gratuitously among a large number of them, if we mistake not, some years since, by Florence Nightingale), we can dispense with any arguments to refute the sophistical reasoning of such writers. Novels of this class, of the Mary Barton stamp, may be popular in England, the land of puritanical sentimentality, and may be useful in their place, but do not let us foster ideal creations of common life theoretically, if the age does not allow us to abstain practically.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE RECTORY OF MORELAND. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. Translated by Mrs. Annie T. Wood. Edited, with an Introduction, by E. N. Kirk, D.D. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

ANTIQUITY.—Antiquity is worthless, except as the parent of experience. That which is useful is alone venerable; that which is virtuous is alone noble; and there is nothing so illustrious as the dedication of the intellect and the affections to the great end of human improvement and happiness; an end which will be the ultimate test and touchstone of all our institutions, by a reference to which they will be judged, and either perpetuated or swept away.—*Westminster Review*.